God for his mercy! what trechery is here?
Du. Why, what is it my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.
Du. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace foolish woman.
Du. I will not peace, what is the matter Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answere.
Du. Thy life answere?
Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.
His Man enters with his Bootes.
Du. Strike him Aumerle, poore boy thou art amazd,
Hence villaine, neuer more come in my sight.
Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.
Du. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?
Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,
And robbe mee of a happie mothers name?
Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?
Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,
Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?
A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,
And interchangeably set downe their hands,
To kill the King at Oxford.
Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,
Then what is that to him?
Yor. A way fond woman, were he twentie times my sonne,
I would appeach him.
Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldst be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde, thou dost suspect
That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete

Line 4 Now by mine honour, by my life, by my troth.
18 thou not in.

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that minde,
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way vnruly woman.
Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
Ile not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone
Enter the King with his Nobles.
King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did see him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to God my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a c
H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Pri
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.
King. And what said the gallant?
Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.
King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?
Enter Aumerle amazed.
Aum. Where is the King? (so wil
King H. What meanes our cosin that he stares and lo

Line 3. Not like to me —. 28 un t
33 sparkes